

THUD! The beast is back. Hunting for me. Removing my covers, I slowly tiptoed towards the door, that appears so far away. Growling, its menacing whispers forced goosebumps to crawl up my quivering back. Pounding, my heart was tearing through my chest. I can't possibly take this unbearable torture anymore...

Nervous, I scanned the room thinking about how quickly this day had arrived. It was here. Finally here. The incredible moment I'd dreamt of experiencing since I was a little boy. Panic-stricken, breathing heavily, I paced from side to side trying to calm my nerves by joking around with my comrades, although, frustratingly it wasn't working. The door bolted open: the father stormed in as if we were soldiers about to commence battle. We had our team talk (as always); now, it was time to face the music.

Dashing through the dark alleyways, Cassandra kept a beady-eye out for anyone suspicious. The sky was heavy with jet-black cloud. It was ready to lash her with rain at any second. Each winding street was devoid of any kind of life; not even a cat could be seen prowling the overflowing rubbish bins.

Sprinting through the woods like his feet were ablaze, Sam dashed towards the cabin beside the crooked tree. Eerily, the trees swayed in the cool breeze while he clambered through the fallen leaves. They wouldn't find him here he thought to himself because he was in the centre of the vast forest. Sam's heart pounded in his chest like a blacksmith's hammer. THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! Gasping for air, sinister thoughts raced through his head. As a result, this made Sam even more anxious.